

A SCOTCH TRADITION.

MERCILESS WARFARE OF ONE OF THE OLD SCOTTISH CLANS.

A Terrible Story of the Frightful Destruction of a Whole Race, the Inhabitants of One Island—Even Today the Spot Is Said to Be Haunted.

A friend of mine made a prolonged tour of Scotland last year to indulge in his favorite pastime—fishing—of which there is none better in the whole world than among the highlands and contiguous islands of that country. He brought back with him a vast storehouse of the strange tales of the primitive people among whom he sojourned, for he avoided the usual lines of travel, confining his wanderings to the remote villages and out of the way places which the ordinary tourist never visits. He lived for months with the peasant and fisherman class, with whom, ingratiating himself into their good graces, he learned much of the traditions current in the region, which have only been kept alive by being handed down from father to son through the generations.

At one time residing with a simple fisherman on one of the Hebrides, that group made famous by the celebrated tour of Dr. Johnson and Boswell, he was told a strange story pertaining to a cave on one of the islands, which he afterwards visited with his host, making the weird tradition doubly interesting. It was this:

More than three centuries ago there existed two clans between which there had waged the most bitter and relentless warfare for generations. Of course the people of both factions were but little more civilized than the North American Indians when Columbus gave a new world to Spain. Both clans lived by stealing from their neighbors, decidedly preferring this mode of life to an honest endeavor of raising anything for themselves. Their tenure of the dark glens which they claimed was held by the prowess of their primitive bows and arrows, their rude claymores and ruder dirks. Ignorant, cruel and vindictive, the several clans hated each other with a hatred unknown but to dense ignorance; they hated simply because their names differed, because they had been taught that differences between names meant feuds between races.

One of these two contending clans lived on one of the little islands of the Hebridean group, a barren, rocky, desolate spot, surrounded only by the eternal surf. One mild winter day came the boats of their hated enemy. The intention of the invaders was of course to kill, plunder and destroy. They did plunder and burn the huts they found on the shore, but not a human being was found that they could massacre. The whole island appeared to have been abandoned. The invaders ransacked it well; traversed every glen and every ravine and wondered where their inveterate enemies had gone. Failing in the principal part of their bloody mission, they prepared to leave. They took up their oars, but hardly had they cleared the little creek by which they had entered from the sea when a man, with an apparently extraordinary vision, spied a figure in the uncertain light of a winter's dawn cautiously moving over the rocks.

A shout announced the discovery, and the islander disappeared. But the secret had been betrayed. The inhabitants had hidden themselves, not deserted. In half an hour their assailants had landed and set themselves with awakened hope to the search. Snow had fallen during the night, and the foot-prints of the imprudent islander betrayed the whereabouts of his clan. The highlanders exultingly followed the trail of the enemy, and they soon tracked him to the hiding place of his people, a curious cavern, its entrance through the mazes of rock, overgrown with thick shrubs, a place easily missed by any one not familiar with the locality. In this cave were gathered all the families of the tribe, the women and little children and a few of the old men, the main portion of the young warriors having gone off on an excursion—a marauding one of course—to the neighboring islands.

With shouts of triumph and exulting, wrath comparable to the cruel nature of invaders they collected seaweed, driftwood and the dried heath, in which the rocks abounded, and piled around the one entrance to the cavern, its inmates, now cognizant of what their enemies were doing, maintaining the silence of despair. A few words of muttered Gaelic alone passed—and in a short time the material which the "savages" had gathered was set on fire, the scorching heat from which and the dense smoke rolled in upon the unfortunate occupants of the cavern, when suddenly there arose a wail of agony. Over the crackling and roaring of the huge fire the dying wretches attempted to get out, only to be killed at the mouth of the fierce hell or thrust back with pikes into the scorching flames. At last all sounds ceased—the blaze sunk and died away completely; the fiends had done their work; not a living creature remained within the almost red-hot cavern. The clan had been extinguished—a clan less in the highlands of Scotland. The triumphant highlanders took to their boats and sailed away again, leaving their dead unburied as they lay.

They never were buried through all the long years. The little island where such atrocities were committed was accursed—haunted by spirits of those who had met their horrible fate there. It was also claimed by the fishermen that whenever they happened to pass that way in the night low wailings were distinctly heard, sharp, piercing shrieks, and that ghastly skeletons were seen walking on the beach, and the place was avoided as a pest hole. After many generations those superstitious notions died out. Now the island is inhabited again, but the dreadful legend sticks to it, and it is said that many a human bone is dug up by the small gardeners.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Hunter Hunted.

An old huntsman was returning one evening from a neighbor's when he heard a flock of wild turkeys in a clump of pines. They were going to roost, and he at once resolved to be on hand in the morning and shoot some of them. How he succeeded is best told in his own language:

"The next mornin afore daybreak," says the hunter, "I was on the ground. I hid in an openin between some large bowlders that closed a space on three sides but was open at the top, where a man could stand comfortable 'thout bein seen."

"I set down at the mouth o' the openin, laid my gun on the ground an listened till toward daybreak I heard the turkeys fly down from the roost. I called to 'em two or three times in a way I know. With the second call come answers, an I heard the turkeys comin on the run."

"I was gittin my gun ready when I heard a queer noise like some animal pantin behind me. I turned my head and saw the biggest kind of a wildcat, with mouth wide open an eyes like two full moons, just ready to jump on my back."

"Scart? I sprang to my feet an throwed my arms over my head an give a yell that would have scared a grizzly!"

"The cat went one way an I went another. I got out o' my hidin place in a hurry, an stood a few minutes feelin trembly like. Then I went back an picked up my gun an started for home, feelin like a sheep killin dog."

"You see, the wildcat was out lookin for breakfast, an expectin to get the pick o' the turkeys when he see me. I ain't ashamed to own I was frustrated."

"Did I get any turkeys? No; I couldn't have shot a turkey if one had run up an bit me. But I laid for that wildcat till I got him; leastways I took it for him, although I down I didn't stop long enough that first sight o' the creature to examine him over partic'lar. It's allus been an unsettled pint in my mind which was scart the worst, the cat or me."—Cor. Forest and Stream.

Why It Seemed Dark.

The fact that the kitchen door of the Collins cottage at Pleasant Harbor was painted black led to an incident that caused the Pleasant Harbor townspeople much amusement. Miss Laura Collins, the elder of the two elderly women who lived in the cottage, used to tell the story thus:

My sister Emmeline is what you might call absentminded. She gets her mind set on something, and then she doesn't pay real strict attention to what she's doing. One evening she came into the kitchen where I was sitting and said, "I'm going down to the corner to call on Mrs. Stone."

And I said: "I will go. It's a pleasant evening for a walk: moonlight, and the stars are out."

I noticed that Emmeline had on her big sunbonnet, but I didn't say anything about it; everybody in the village was used to seeing her wear it in the evening, and even on rainy days. I went on sewing, and in a minute I heard Emmeline say: "Why, it must have clouded up suddenly. There isn't a star to be seen. It's a terribly black night!"

I looked up, and there stood Emmeline with the edge of her sunbonnet pressed up against the door. She had forgotten to open it before she looked out to see what kind of a night it was, and of course the door being painted black that made considerable difference.—Youth's Companion.

Patents in England.

Hallam records that all through the Sixteenth and the beginning of the Seventeenth century, patents to deal exclusively in particular articles were granted so lavishly to the courtiers that hardly a commodity remained free. Even salt, leather and coal were the subjects of patents, the list of which, when read over in parliament in 1601, was so long that a member asked incredulously, "I don't bread among the number?"

The practice was for the favored courtiers to sell their patents of monopoly to companies of merchants—or syndicates, as we should call them nowadays—to work them. Rival political parties struggled, not to redress the grievances under which the people groaned, but to obtain a share of the profits. If Essex held a monopoly of sweet wine, Raleigh held one of cards; indeed, it is hard to say how many patents of their kind were held from first to last.—All the Year Round.

Familiar Table Customs.

In a book entitled "Domestic Manners of the Middle Ages" we are told that in those days dinner tables were covered by a "nappe" or tablecloth. Upon it were placed a large salicellar, bread and cups for wine, but no knives or plates. The reason for the absence of the knives arose from the common practice in vogue of people carrying their own knives in a sheath attached to their girdle.

In an early work, written by Lydgate—"Rules for Behavior at Table"—the guests are told to bring no knives unscathed to the table, which can only mean that each one was to keep his own knife—that is, the one he carried with him—clean.

A Caustic Letter from Tennyson.

One of Tennyson's last letters was to Mr. William Watson, who had written in The Spectator some lines on Lord Tennyson's "Foresters," which ran: Far be the hour when lesser brows shall wear The laurel glorious from that wintry hair. "If," wrote the laureate to Mr. Watson, "by 'wintry hair' you allude to a tree whose leaves are half gone you are right; but if you mean 'white' you are wrong, for I never had a gray hair on my head."—New York Tribune.

Easily Cured.

Father—My son seems to be about as smart as other young men, but he no sooner gets settled in a position than he tires of it and resigns. He lacks staying powers. Friend—Oh, that's easily cured. Get him a political office.—Good News.

Bargains.

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Special Bargains:

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Table Cloths, 8x10 colored border, \$1.35 worth \$1.75.

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Mink Scarfs, full size \$2.98 worth \$5.00.

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An abstract of the Annual Report made January 1, 1892, to the Board of Control of the State of New Jersey, and filed in the Department of the Secretary of State in pursuance of law.

STATEMENT JANUARY 1, 1892.

RESOURCES.

Bonds and mortgages \$158,400 00

Real Estate 2,000 00

U. S. and other bonds 31,984 00

Interest due and accrued 4,040 00

Office furniture, etc. 500 00

Cash in bank and office 19,775 87

\$217,899 80

LIABILITIES.

Due depositors (including interest) \$200,387 94

Surplus 17,511 86

\$217,899 80

Interest is credited to depositors on the first days of January and July in each year, for the three and six months then ending. Deposits made on or before the first business day in January, April, July, and October, bear interest from the first day of the month. All interest when credited at once becomes principal and bears interest accordingly.

JOSEPH N. DODD, Treasurer.

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October 2, 1892.

ESTATE OF ANNIE BALDWIN, DE-

ceased.—Pursuant to the order of John B. Dusenberry, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned Executors of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscribers under oath or to exhibit to the claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscribers.

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Handsome Mantel Clocks, regular price \$4.00, now selling at \$2.00. Nickel Alarm Clocks, warranted for a year, \$1.00 each. Gentlemen's solid 14 K Gold Watches have been \$60.00, now reduced to 50.00, spot cash.

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